STELLA;

TRANSLATED

FROM THE GERMAN

OF

M. GOETHE,

AUTHOR OF THE SORROWS OF WERTER,
&c. &c.

ABSOLVENT AMANTES.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

AS many beautiful, but eccentric poems of the Germans have lately become faſhionable in this country, and as we have even begun to make ſome acquaintance with their theatre, this tranſlation of one of the moſt admired plays of a celebrated writer, may not be unacceptable to the public.

The manners of a people are perhaps more ſtrikingly ſeen in their dramatic works than in any other. For this reaſon, and in order to preſerve the character of the German ſtage, and, what the French call the "*gout du terroir*," it has been thought adviſeable to tranſlate the play as literally as poſſible; and from the original, rather than the French; as, in paſſing through that elegant language, it might have loſt more in nature and ſimplicity, than it would have gained by art.

The

The ſtory which ſerves to extricate our author's characters from the very difficult ſituation into which he has brought them, is not an invention, but a well atteſted fact, and it has indeed been ſaid that the whole of the fable (like that of Werter) was founded upon a more recent event in private life; the peripetia and cataſtrophe are nevertheleſs liable to great objections, and an Engliſh audience might be inclined to wiſh that Count Ferdinand had been left to purſue his purpoſe.

It would, however, be an abſurd preſumption to offer any thing which looked like an apology, for ſuch an author as Göethe, writing to his countrymen; but if the beauties of paſſion and ſentiment in this drama ſhould not (to uſe an expreſſion of Mr. Gray) "ſtrike the reader blind" to its defects, the tranſlator will ſtand in need of the moſt humiliating apology for himſelf.

COUNT FERDINAND

WALTER, THE BAILIFF

STELLA

CECILIA, UNDER THE NAME OF MRS. SUMMERS

LUCY, HER DAUGHTER

THE MISTRESS OF THE INN

ANN, HER DAUGHTER

WAITER

SERVANTS, &c.

STELLA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A POST-HOUSE.*

The Poſt-Horn blows.

LANDLADY.

CHARLES! Charles! Charles! *(Enter Waiter.)*

CHARLES.

What do you want?

LANDLADY.

Where have you been all this time? Run, run, the poſt waggon is coming, ſhew the

 paſſengers

paſſengers in, take their luggage—run, make haſte when I ſpeak to you. Quick, quick, *(Calling after him)* waiters ſhould never walk. *(Exit Waiter)* It is too much for a woman to manage ſuch a houſe—There ſhould be a maſter—That alone would make me marry again.

SCENE II.

(Enter Charles, Mrs. Summers, *and* Lucy *in a travelling dreſs.)*

LUCY.

Give this to me, *(Taking a parcel from* Charles) it is not very heavy; but carry thoſe things for my mother, and attend upon her.

LANDLADY.

Your ſervant ladies—You're come betimes this morning—The poſt waggon never uſed to come ſo early.

LUCY.

LUCY.

We had an excellent coachman—we were but two in the carriage, and had not much luggage.

LANDLADY.

If you intend to dine, ladies, you will be ſo good to wait a little; for I have nothing quite ready.

MRS. SUMMERS.

I will only beg a little broth in my own room.

LUCY.

I am in no hurry for dinner; in the mean time pray take care of my mother.

LANDLADY.

That I will, Madam.

LUCY.

And let the broth be good.

LANDLADY.

It ſhall be excellent. *(Exit Landlady.)*

MRS. SUMMERS.

I wiſh you would leave off giving orders! You might have gained ſome experience already, even in this journey.—Though we have had very little, we have ſpent more than we ought to have done; and have paid too much for every thing all the way—and in our ſituation—

LUCY.

We have not wanted hitherto—

MRS. SUMMERS.

But we very ſoon ſhould have wanted. *(Coachman comes in.)*

LUCY.

Well Coachman, What ſay you? You muſt have ſomething to drink, muſt not you?

COACHMAN.

I made good haſte with you, ladies.

LUCY.

So you did, Coachman, and therefore you ſhould have ſomething extraordinary—There

COACHMAN.

COACHMAN.

Thank you, Madam. Are you going further?

LUCY.

No—for the preſent we ſhall remain here.

COACHMAN.

Ladies your ſervant. *(Exit Coachman.)*

MRS. SUMMERS.

I ſee, by his looks, that you have given him more than was neceſſary.

LUCY.

We ought not to ſend him away diſſatisfied; he was ſo good humoured and careful during the whole journey. You ſay that I am ſelf-will'd, Mama, but you muſt allow that I am not ſelfiſh.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Don't miſunderſtand me, Lucy—I like your frankneſs, as well as your ſpirit and generoſity;

ſity; but they are virtues only in certain ſituations.

LUCY.

This little village really pleaſes me, Mama. And I ſee from hence, I believe, the houſe of the lady with whom I am to live.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Yes—that is her houſe, and I ſhall be very happy if you ſhould like the place that is deſtin'd for you.

LUCY.

I perceive already that it is not a very chearful habitation—there is not a creature to be ſeen—but there is a beautiful garden—the lady is amiable, and we ſhall do very well together. Why do you look around you ſo, Mama?

MRS. SUMMERS.

Leave me Lucy—Happy girl!—You have no painful recollections—Once it was otherwiſe—

wife—Now, alas! nothing is more irkſome to me than going to an inn.

LUCY.

Where do you not find ſomething to give you pain?

MRS. SUMMERS.

And where do I not find ſufficient cauſe for pain? Oh, my dear girl, how different was it formerly, when your father travelled with me, in the firſt years of our marriage, that happieſt part of my life! The world, at that time, had all the charms of novelty—and as the various objects paſſed before me, his ſociety and his love made every place amuſing, and every trifle intereſting!

LUCY.

Certainly nothing is ſo pleaſant as travelling.

MRS. SUMMERS.

And after a hot day in ſummer, or bad roads in winter, when we came into many

much worſe inns than this, and felt the ſimple pleaſure of repoſe; ſeated on a wooden bench together, and partaking of a homely meal—oh! it was then very different!

LUCY.

But it is now time that you ſhould forget him.

MRS. SUMMERS.

You know not what you ſay—Forget him! My dear child, you have had no loſſes yet—no irreparable loſſes! The moment I became certain that he had forſaken me, all joy fled from my heart—deſpair ſeized me—I abandoned myſelf—Heaven abandoned me—I can hardly call back to my memory the ſtate of my mind at that time.

LUCY.

I can recollect nothing, but that I ſat by your bed ſide, and cried, becauſe you cried. It was in the green room, by the little ſtove. Leaving that room was what grieved me moſt, when we quitted the houſe.

MRS. SUMMERS.

You were but ſeven years old, and could not know what you had loſt. (*Enter* Ann *with the ſoup,* Landlady *and* Charles.)

ANN.

Here is the broth that you ordered, Madam.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Thank you, my good child. Is that your daughter Landlady?

LANDLADY.

She is my daughter-in-law, Madam; but ſhe is a good girl, and I could not love her better if I were her own mother.

MRS. SUMMERS.

You are in deep mourning.

LANDLADY.

Yes, Madam, for my huſband; he has been dead about three months; we had not been married more than three years.

MRS. SUMMERS.

You ſeem to have recovered the loſs of him.

LANDLADY.

Aye, Madam, one has no time here either to weep or to pray—It's all the ſame at an inn—Sundays and working days are all alike. Charles, a couple of napkins directly, and ſpread one here.

LUCY.

Whoſe houſe is that upon the ſide of the hill?

LANDLADY.

It belongs to our Baroneſs, one of the beſt of women.

MRS. SUMMERS.

I am glad to hear you, who are her neighbour, confirm what we have been already told of her. My daughter is going into the family, to be her companion.

LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.

This young lady!

LUCY.

Yes, I.

LANDLADY.

I heard that ſhe expected a young woman, but can you reſolve upon going into ſervice?

LUCY.

If ſhe is a worthy woman, and agreeable to me, why not? But I could not live with a perſon I did not like.

LANDLADY.

It would be very ſtrange indeed if you ſhould not like her. Had my girl been old enough, the place would not have been given to a ſtranger It is impoſſible to ſee My Lady, and not to love her.

ANN.

O yes, when once you ſee her—She is ſo kind and ſo good. She is impatient for your arrival

arrival; if you chooſe to go, I will conduct you. I am one of her favourites.

LUCY.

I will firſt dreſs myſelf; and I muſt eat ſome dinner too before I go.

ANN.

May I run Mother, and tell My Lady that the young woman is come.

LANDLADY.

Yes—do.

MRS. SUMMERS.

And tell her we will wait upon her imediately after dinner. *(Exit* Ann.*)*

LANDLADY.

My girl loves her beyond meaſure, Madam. To be ſure ſhe is the moſt charming woman in the world, and one of her greateſt amuſements is to have children with her—ſhe teaches them to do various little works, and

and to ſing, and ſhe lets them wait upon her till they become handy, and then finds ſome good ſervice for them.—And in this manner ſhe has ſpent all her time ſince her huſband has been abſent. It is wonderful how ſhe can be ſo unhappy, and yet preſerve ſo much ſweetneſs and benevolence.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Is ſhe not a widow?

LANDLADY.

God knows.—Her huſband went from home three years ago, and ſince that time, we have neither heard, nor ſeen any thing of him—and ſhe loved him to diſtraction.—My good man could hardly leave off, when he had began to talk of them. Every year, upon the day ſhe laſt ſaw him, ſhe ſhuts herſelf up, and lets no creature come near her; and whenever ſhe ſpeaks of him, it goes to one's heart. I really think myſelf that there is not ſuch another woman in the world!

MRS.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Unfortunate being!

LANDLADY.

It makes people talk, to be ſure.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Why—What do they ſay!

LANDLADY.

One hardly cares to repeat ſuch things.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Pray tell me.

LANDLADY.

If you would promiſe not to betray me, I would truſt you with it. It is now about eight years ſince they came hither. They bought that eſtate—nobody knew them—we called them the good Gentleman, and the good Lady; and imagined that he was an officer who had made money in foreign ſervice, and now wiſhed to retire—ſhe was at

at that time very young—not more than ſixteen, and as beautiful as an angel.

LUCY.

Then ſhe is not more than four-and-twenty now.

LANDLADY.

No! and ſhe has experienced a great deal of misfortune for her age. She had a child, and that died very early. In the garden is its grave; covered only with ſods; and ſince her huſband has been gone, ſhe has built a hermitage over it, and has ordered her own grave to be made by its ſide. My huſband was an old man, and not apt to be affected; but he could not talk of them, and of the happineſs they enjoyed together, without emotion. It made him quite a different man, he would ſay, only to ſee how they lov'd each other.

MRS. SUMMERS.

My heart yearns towards her!

LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.

But ſo the ſtory goes—They ſay the huſband had ſtrange principles; at leaſt he never came to church, and thoſe who are not govern'd by religion, are under no government. All at once we heard that he was gone—and ſo it proved—he was gone, and never came back again.

MRS. SUMMERS.

(Aſide.) An image of all my own misfortunes!

LANDLADY.

Every body was talking of it, at the time when I firſt came here, a young married woman; next Michaelmas it will be three years. And in ſhort, after a variety of odd reports, at laſt it began to be whiſpered that they were not married—but I beg you won't betray me—that he was a nobleman, and that ſhe had run away with him—to be ſure, when a young woman has taken ſuch a ſtep as

as that, ſhe can look forward to nothing all the reſt of her life, but repentance.

Enter Ann.

ANN.

My Lady deſires you will come to her immediately. She only wiſhes to ſee you, and will not detain you a moment.

LUCY.

Will it be proper to go in my travelling dreſs?

LANDLADY.

Yes! yes! I promiſe you ſhe will not even obſerve it.

LUCY.

Well, little girl, will you go with me?

ANN.

That I will, with all my heart.

MRS. SUMMERS.

One word, Lucy, *(The Landlady retires to a diſtance.)* mind that you betray nothing, either of our condition, or our misfortunes, and behave yourſelf reſpectfully.

LUCY.

(Aſide to her mother.) Leave it to me—I know my ſtory—my father was a merchant; went to America; is dead; and that is the cauſe of our preſent diſtreſs—leave it to me—I have repeated the tale often enough. *(Aloud.)* I wiſh you would lie down a little. I am ſure you have need of reſt. Our Landlady will ſhew you a bed-chamber.

LANDLADY.

Yes, I have a pretty, quiet, little room, which looks into the garden. I hope the Baroneſs will be agreeable to you, young lady. *(Exit* Lucy *and* Ann.*)*

MRS. SUMMERS.

My daughter has a little pride.

LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.

So have moſt young people; but it does not laſt long.

MRS. SUMMERS.

So much the worſe, I think

LANDLADY.

When you pleaſe, Madam, I will wait upon you to your room.

(A Poſt-Horn Blows.)

Enter Ferdinand, *in an Officer's uniform, and a* Servant.

SERVANT.

Muſt I order freſh horſes directly, and leave your trunks upon the carriage?

FERDINAND.

No! no!—bring them in—bring them in, I tell you, we ſhall not go any farther.

SERVANT.

No farther, Sir?—I thought you ſaid—

FERDINAND.

No! let them ſhew you an apartment, and bring in all my things immediately.

(Exit. Servant.*)*

FERDINAND.

(Going to the window.) And do I ſee thee again! Heavenly ſight! do I ſee thee again!—Scene of all my happineſs! How ſtill the whole houſe is! Not a window open! The gallery how deſerted, where we ſo often have ſat together—What a Cloiſter-like appearance!—How it flatters my hope!—— And does Ferdinand make the employment of her thoughts in this ſolitude?—And has he deſerved it of her?—O it is like waking again into life, from a long, cold, joyleſs, death-like ſleep! Every thing appears to me ſo new, ſo animated, ſo intereſting. The trees, the ſprings, all, all remain the ſame!—So glided the water over the reeds, when I,

oh

oh how many thouſand times, have ſilently looked at it with her from that window, whilſt loſt in thought, our eyes followed the ſtream. Its murmuring is melody—Sweet melody, that recalls paſt pleaſure! And Stella! Oh ſhe will ſtill be what ſhe was! No, Stella! you are not changed—ſo my heart tells me—How it burſts with impatience!—but I cannot, dare not yet!—I muſt firſt recover myſelf—I muſt firſt be convinced that I am really here, that I am not deceived by dreams, ſuch as have ſo often brought me hither from far countries. Stella! Stella! I come—in thy arms to forget every thing! And if thou hovereſt round me, dear ſhadow of my unfortunate wife! forgive me. Thou art gone, let me forget thee—forget all, in that angel's arms—forget my misfortunes, loſſes, errors, and repentance. To be ſo near to her, and yet ſtill ſo diſtant! in a moment—but I cannot, dare not yet—I muſt ſuppreſs the violence of theſe ſenſations, or I ſhall expire at her feet!

(The Landlady *comes in.)*

LANDLADY.

Are you ready for dinner, Sir?

FERDINAND.

Is it dinner time already?

LANDLADY.

Yes, Sir, we only wait for a young woman, who is with my Lady yonder at the great houſe.

FERDINAND.

How does my Lady do?

LANDLADY.

Are you acquainted with her, Sir?

FERDINAND.

Some years ago I was often at the houſe. How does the Marquis?

LANDLADY.

God knows—he is in the wide world.

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Gone from home?

LANDLADY.

Yes, indeed—He went away, and left the dear Lady—God forgive him!

FERDINAND.

She was, I preſume, very ſoon comforted.

LANDLADY.

If you think ſo, you can know but little of her—No, ſhe has lived like a Nun, ever ſince I have been here. She receives no ſtrangers, and viſits very few people in the neighbourhood. No, ſhe ſtays at home, and has all the poor Children of the village about her—And notwithſtanding her inward grief, ſhe is always gentle, always kind.

FERDINAND.

I intend to wait upon her.

LANDLADY.

So do.—She has ſometimes invited us—the Bailiff's wife, the Clergyman's ſiſter, and myſelf, and talked with us upon various ſubjects. We were, of courſe, always careful not to remind her of her huſband—but once it happened, Heaven knows how it came about, that he was mentioned. She ſpoke with warmth in his praiſe, and burſt into tears.—Sir, we all cried like children, and could with difficulty compoſe ourſelves.

FERDINAND.

(*Aſide*) Have I deſerved this of her? (*Aloud*) Is my ſervant ſhewn to a room?

LANDLADY.

Yes, Sir—Number 2, upon the firſt floor. Charles, ſhew the gentleman his room. (*Exit* Ferdinand *and* Charles.)

Lucy *and* Ann *come in.*

LANDLADY.

Well! What do you think of my Lady?

LUCY.

LUCY.

O ſhe is a delightful woman—You did not ſay at all too much of her. She was unwilling to part with me, and I was obliged to promiſe that I would return with my mother, as ſoon as dinner was over, and bring my cloaths.

LANDLADY.

I thought ſo—Now it will be agreeable to you to dine?—A tall, handſome officer is juſt arrived—if you have no objection—

LUCY.

Not the leaſt—Is my Mother aſleep?

LANDLADY.

I dont know.

LUCY.

Then I muſt go, and ſee how ſhe does.

LANDLADY.

Charles—ſee here—The ſalt is forgotten again.

again. Do you call that rincing?—look at theſe glaſſes! (Ferdinand *enters.*)

LANDLADY.

Sir, the young woman is returned, and will come to dinner immediately.

FERDINAND.

Who is ſhe?

LANDLADY.

I dont know her—She ſeems to be a perſon who has been well brought up, but not now in affluence—She is going into the ſervice of our good Lady here.

FERDINAND.

Is ſhe young?

LANDLADY.

Very young. Her Mother is here with her. (*Enter* Lucy.)

LUCY.

Your ſervant, Sir.

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

I am very glad to find ſuch agreeable company. (Lucy *draws near the table.*)

LANDLADY.

Here, Madam—if you pleaſe to be ſeated. Sir, there is a chair—

FERDINAND.

We are not then to have the pleaſure of your company, Landlady?

LANDLADY.

No! If I ſtand ſtill—all ſtands ſtill. (*Exit* Landlady.)

FERDINAND.

Is it true, Madam, that you are going into ſervice?

LUCY.

My ſituation makes it neceſſary. I ſhall be companion to my Lady.

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Methinks you could not fail to find a companion who would take more care of you than the Baroneſs.

LUCY.

You, Sir, I find are like other men.

FERDINAND.

How do you mean?

LUCY.

In two words then, very preſuming.—Men think themſelves abſolutely neceſſary; and, I dont know how it was, but I was brought up very well without them.

FERDINAND.

You have loſt your father!

LUCY.

I can hardly remember that I had one—I was very young when he left us to make a voyage

voyage to the coaſt of America—and his ſhip, as we heard, foundered at ſea.

FERDINAND.

You appear to be very indifferent about him!

LUCY.

It cannot well be otherwiſe. He had done very little to gain my affections, and knowing that men prize nothing ſo much as liberty, I could eaſily forgive him for leaving us; but my poor Mother is dying with grief for his loſs.

FERDINAND.

You are then without any protection?

LUCY.

That does not ſignify. If our means are diminiſhed, I am now grown up; and I do not fear but I ſhall be able to ſupport my Mother.

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Your ſpirit is ſurpriſing.

LUCY.

Thoſe who have often riſen again, when they had expected to ſink, learn courage.

FERDINAND.

Cannot you impart ſome of it to your Mother?

LUCY.

Alas! She has the loſs, not I. I am thankful for the life he gave me. I am chearful and happy—but for her—ſhe had paſſed with him the bloom of her youth—and then to be deprived of him! Suddenly deprived of him! What can equal the diſtreſs of ſuch a ſituation? I have not yet experienced any loſs—I can form no idea of it—You appear thoughtful, Sir!

FERDINAND.

Yes, my dear—Life is full of cares—and alſo

alſo of happineſs. (*Riſing up*) And ſo Heaven ſupport your ſpirits. (*He takes her hand*) You ſuddenly ſtruck me, my dear child—In the world how often—and how far have I been removed from all my hope, my happineſs!—But yet always—

LUCY.

What mean you, Sir?

FERDINAND.

All that is kind, my dear—You have my beſt, my warmeſt wiſhes for your welfare. (*Kiſſes her hand. Exit.*)

LUCY.

There is ſomething extraordinary in this man, but he ſeems to have a good heart.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

(*Enter* Stella *and a* Servant.)

STELLA.

GO to her—go directly, and ſay that I am waiting for her.

SERVANT.

She promiſed to come immediately, Madam.

STELLA

But you find that ſhe does not—I like her much—Go—and let her mother come with her. (*Exit Servant.*) I can hardly have patience to wait—It is ſomething to wiſh, to hope——I am quite a child! Yet why ſhould I not ſeek objects of affection? It requires much to fill this heart!—Much—poor Stella, much!

much! Whilſt he yet loved me; whilſt I preſſed him to my boſom; one look of his filled my whole ſoul—And, oh Heaven! thy decrees are unſearchable! How often from his embraces have I lifted up my eyes to thee, my heart glowing with his love, my lips ſeeming to imbibe his exalted ſoul; and with tears of tenderneſs have cried—Father of Mercies! O continue to us this happineſs! Thou, who haſt made us ſo happy!—It was not thy will—(*She is thoughtful a few moments—then ſuddenly gets up, and ſtrikes her hand upon her heart*) No! Ferdinand! No! that was not a reproach!

(Mrs. Summers *and* Lucy *enter.*)

STELLA.

Here they are.—My dear girl, you are now mine.—Madam, I thank you for the confidence with which you deliver this treaſure into my hands. She is a capricious little creature; but ſhe has a good and generous heart. Yes, Lucy! you ſee I have found you out already.

MRS. SUMMERS.

You feel what I bring to you, and truſt to your protection.

STELLA.

(*After a pauſe, in which ſhe looks at* Mrs. Summers) Pardon me!—I am informed of your ſtory—I know that I have before me, perſons of good family—but your appearance awes me. You inſpired me with reſpect, and confidence the firſt moment that I ſaw you.

MRS. SUMMERS.

My lady—Your goodneſs—

STELLA.

O nothing of that! It is a pleaſure to me to expreſs what my heart feels. How are you? I hear you have not been well. Pray ſit down.

MRS. SUMMERS.

I have not been in good health for ſome time, my dear Madam—but travelling in this beautiful

beautiful ſeaſon, with the change of ſcene, and the pure, delightful morning air, (which has ſo often given freſh vigour to my exhauſted ſpirits) have had ſo favourable an effect upon me, that even the recollection of paſt happineſs becomes a pleaſure to me. I ſee a fleeting image of my golden days, when love firſt dawned upon my ſoul.

STELLA.

Yes, the days, the early days of love! No! thou art not gone back to Heaven, golden time! thou art preſent to each heart when the bloſſom of love is unfolded.

MRS. SUMMERS.

(*Preſſing her hand.*) Enchanting viſions!

STELLA.

Your countenance is illuminated like that of an angel—Your cheeks glow—

MRS. SUMMERS.

Alas! and my heart too.—It beats for you. Sympathiſes with you.

STELLA.

Then you alſo have loved! Thank Heaven—I find a being that can underſtand me—that can pity me—that will not coldly look upon my ſorrows! What have I not done? What have I not tried? But all in vain—No, the world and all that it contains can be of no avail—No! what we love is every thing, and all is for the object beloved.

MRS. SUMMERS.

All Heaven is in her heart! (*Aſide.*)

STELLA.

When I am leaſt aware of it, his image ſuddenly appears before me—Sometimes as I have ſeen him come into company, when his eyes were wandering in ſearch of me—or as he bounded over the fields to throw himſelf into my arms at the garden gate—and ſometimes at a diſtance, as I have ſeen him going from me.—Alas! then it was to return—it was to return to me again! If I recall to my thoughts the hurrying ſcenes of the

the world, he is equally there. When I was at the theatre, I was ſure, whether I ſaw him or not, that he ſtood where he could obſerve and admire every attitude of mine! I knew that the waving of my plumes, attracted him more than all the beauties round him, and that the muſic was but an accompaniment to the eternal chorus of his heart—Stella! Stella! how dear thou art to me!

LUCY.

How is it poſſible to feel ſo much love?

STELLA.

Do you aſk Child? I cannot anſwer you. But with what do I entertain you?—trifles!—important trifles!—We are but great children; and perhaps it is well for us that we are ſo. What paſſions rend the ſoul when we are offended, and reſolve to leave a beloved object—but if arm'd with all our pride and firmneſs, we again behold him—how all ſubſides with one look, with one preſſure of the hand.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Your pure nature ſtill preſerves all its innocence—that, at leaſt, remains to you.

STELLA.

Oh a thouſand years of weeping and ſorrow, would not be a price too great to give for the delights of young love—the ſtolen looks; the faultering voice; the agitation; the divine oblivion; the meetings; partings; the firſt paſſionate kiſs haſtily ſnatch'd; the firſt calm embrace. My dear Madam, you ſeem oppreſſed—Are you well?

MRS. SUMMERS.

O men! men!

STELLA.

They are the cauſe of joy and ſorrow. With what ideas of felicity they fill our minds!—what new affections poſſeſs us, when firſt their tumultuous paſſions are communicated to our ſouls!—How often has my whole frame ſhook, when in floods of tears he

he has poured a world of ſorrows into my boſom. I begg'd him for heaven's ſake to ſpare himſelf—me.—In vain—till in my inmoſt ſoul he kindled the flame with which he was conſumed——And ſo the poor girl became all love, all tenderneſs.—And where is now the ætherial climate, in which ſuch a being can live and breathe.

MRS. SUMMERS.

We truſt men—In the moments of paſſion they deceive themſelves; how ſhould we avoid being deceived by them.

STELLA.

A ſudden thought ſtrikes me, Madam. Let us be to one another what theſe men ought to have been to us—let us remain together! give me your hand—we will not part.

LUCY.

That cannot be.

STELLA.

Why not, Lucy?

MRS. SUMMERS.

My daughter is ſenſible, Madam—

STELLA.

It is not a favour which I offer—Are you not aware that you will confer a great obligation on me by ſtaying?—My good friend, I dare not be alone! I have tried every thing—my farm, my garden—muſick, books.—I teach the little children of the village to read and ſpin, merely not to be alone—merely to ſee ſomething about me that lives and proſpers. Sometimes, when my good angel ſeems to have removed the weight of ſorrow from my heart—when I awake calmly in a warm ſpring morning, and the loved ſun ſhines on the opening leaves, and I can begin the buſineſs of the day with chearfulneſs and activity, then it is well with me—then I walk about for a time, and direct my people, and ſet them to work.

And

And for the ſhort reſpite, I give thanks aloud to Heaven.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Yes, I have experienced it myſelf; activity and benevolence are the beſt gifts of Heaven—a compenſation for unfortunate love.

STELLA.

Compenſation!—A little relief perhaps—Something in the place of what we have loſt, but not the loſt thing itſelf. Loſt love! O where is there an equivalent for thee! When, as I oftentimes ramble from thought to thought, a friendly dream brings paſt time before me, and I look forward with hope to the future, then I calmly wander up and down my garden, by the glimmering light of the moon.—Till all at once the thought ſeizes me—It ſeizes me that I am alone—In vain to the four winds, I ſtretch out my arms! in vain call upon the phantom of love, with a fullneſs of heart, a violence, that I think would almoſt draw down the moon from her

ſphere!—I am alone—No voice anſwers me from the wood—the ſtars look cold and clear upon my diſtreſs—And then the grave of my child appears ſuddenly at my feet!

MRS. SUMMERS.

You had a child?

STELLA.

Yes, my good friend! O Heaven you gave me that happineſs alſo only to taſte, and prepared a bitter cup for my whole life. When one of the village children, as I am walking, runs up to me bare-footed, and, with little innocent eyes, kiſſes its hand to me, it pierces my ſoul.—So tall, I think my Fanny would have been—With melancholy tenderneſs I take it up and kiſs it a hundred times, as if it were my child—My heart is rent—the tears ſtart from my eyes, and I break away.—

LUCY.

But you were alſo ſaved a great care!

(Stella *ſmiles and pats her cheek.*)

STELLA.

STELLA.

How is it that I yet exiſt? How did I ſurvive the dreadful moment?—It lay before me—its bloom flown! and I ſtood over it my heart turned to ſtone; without feeling—without ſenſe. The nurſe took it up, and ſuddenly called out—it is alive—I fell upon her neck—cried paſſionately over the child—threw myſelf at her feet—Alas! She was deceived!—There it lay dead, and I by its ſide in all the agony of deſpair.

(Stella *throws herſelf into a chair.*)

MRS. SUMMERS.

Turn your thoughts from the melancholy ſcene.

STELLA.

No! it is good—very good for me that my heart ſhould open—that I ſhould relieve my mind from this oppreſſion! Oh! were I once to begin talking of him who was all to me! —Who——But you ſhall ſee his picture.

LUCY.

LUCY.

O, how I ſhall like to ſee it!

STELLA.

(Opens a door and points to it.) There my dear friends, there it is!—

MRS. SUMMERS.

Heavens!

STELLA.

That! that is his picture!—yet not a thouſandth part of what he is. That forehead—thoſe black eyes are his—the dark hair—and the earneſt look—But Oh! the love, the friendſhip with which his ſoul overflowed—which animated his countenance—that no painter could expreſs!—That his Stella alone can feel?

LUCY.

I am all amazement, Madam!

STELLA.

Yes—it is the picture of *ſuch* a man!

LUCY.

LUCY.

I muſt tell you, that I dined to-day with an Officer, at the poſt-houſe, who reſembles this gentleman.—O, it was himſelf—I will lay my life it was himſelf.

STELLA.

To-day! O you deceive yourſelf!—You deceive me!

LUCY.

Yes, Madam, to-day—But he was burnt rather browner with the ſun. It was himſelf—I am ſure it was.

STELLA.

I am all tumult Lucy—I will go thither directly— *(Rings the bell hard.)*

LUCY.

It will not be proper for you to go.

STELLA.

Proper! Oh! *proper!*

(Servant comes in.)

STELLA.

STELLA.

Run! William—At the poſt-houſe—run! there is an Officer that ſhould—that is—Speak Lucy!—Tell him!—he is to come hither!—Deſire him to come hither!

LUCY.

Do you know the Baron?

SERVANT.

Yes, perfectly well, Madam.

LUCY.

Well, go to the poſt-houſe, there is an Officer there who reſembles him extremely. I think it muſt be himſelf—See whether I am miſtaken.

STELLA.

Tell him that he muſt come—muſt come immediately——Could I but hold him! *(Opening wide her arms.)* But I am deceiving myſelf!

myſelf! It is impoſſible! Leave me my friends—Leave me to myſelf.

(*She retires with precipitation.*)

LUCY.

My dear Mother! What is the matter? How pale you are!

MRS. SUMMERS.

This will be the laſt day of my life! This my heart cannot bear!—All—all at once!—

LUCY.

For heaven's ſake, what mean you?

MRS. SUMMERS.

This huſband—this beloved!—this much deſired!—He is my huſband! He is your father.

LUCY.

My Mother! My deareſt Mother!

MRS. SUMMERS.

And he is here—Will ſink into her arms in a few moments—And *we*—Lucy, *we*—muſt be gone!

LUCY.

When ſhould you wiſh to go?

MRS. SUMMERS.

Immediately—inſtantly!

LUCY.

Go into the garden, my dear Mother, and let me run to the poſt-houſe.—If the poſt-waggon is not gone, we can go quietly back in it without taking leave—whilſt intoxicated with happineſs—

MRS. SUMMERS.

In raptures of joy ſhe will embrace him—himſelf!—and I—in the ſame moment that I find him—muſt for ever—for ever loſe him!

(Enter Ferdinand *and a* Servant.*)*

SERVANT.

SERVANT.

This way, Sir—here—don't you recollect the room—My Lady is almoſt diſtracted with joy. I am very happy to ſee you here again.

(Ferdinand *croſſes the ſtage without obſerving* Lucy *or* Mrs. Summers—*They ſee him from behind.)*

MRS. SUMMERS.

It is he!—It is himſelf!—I am undone!

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

(Stella *enters full of joy with* Ferdinand.)

STELLA.

(*TURNING to the walls of the room, and advancing towards a little ſtatue of Venus.*) Here he is! Do you behold him! Here he is! How often have I lamented, and wept, and walked up and down in deſpair, within theſe walls!—he is here again!—I cannot believe my ſenſes!—deareſt, deareſt Ferdinand!—You were long away!—But you are returned to me—(*Falling upon his neck.*) You are returned!—I will hear nothing, think of nothing, know nothing, but that you are here again.

FERDINAND.

My Stella! My dear Stella! (*Embracing her.*)

her.) O heaven, you have repaid me for all my ſufferings!

STELLA.

Thou only one!

FERDINAND.

Stella, let me again drink thy dear breath! thy breath! in compariſon of which, the air of paradiſe would be joyleſs and inſipid.

STELLA.

Deareſt Ferdinand!

FERDINAND.

Pour into this diſturb'd, tempeſtous boſom, new love, new delight, from the fullneſs of thy own heart. (*He hangs upon her.*)

STELLA.

My beloved Ferdinand!

FERDINAND.

O tranſport, extacy!—Here, where you breathe, every object floats before me in the

charm of life and youth—Love and eternal truth, would here fix the wildeſt wanderer

STELLA.

Thou dear Enthuſiaſt!

FERDINAND.

Do you not know that your boſom is like the dew of Heaven to the parch'd traveller, who returns to you from the barren deſerts of the world?

STELLA.

And what delight to the poor Stella, to preſs her Ferdinand, her wandering, her loſt, her only Ferdinand, again to her boſom.

FERDINAND.

(*Falling at her feet.*) My Stella!

STELLA.

Riſe, my dear Ferdinand—I cannot ſee you kneel.

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Yes, let me! let me kneel before you! Does not my heart inceſſantly adore you? —everlaſting goodneſs and love.

STELLA.

I have you again! I do not know myſelf!—I do not know what I ſay or do—and what matters it?

FERDINAND.

To me it is again as the firſt moments of our happineſs—I hold you in my arms—I imbibe from your lips, the certainty of your love! I tremble, and aſk myſelf whether I am awake, or in a dream.

STELLA.

But Ferdinand, as I perceive, you are not grown better.

FERDINAND.

Yes, ſurely I am—theſe moments of delight in your arms muſt make me good—I

could pray, Stella, and then ſurely I ſhould be happy.

STELLA.

God forgive thee, that thou art ſo good for nothing, and ſo good!—So verſatile, and yet ſo conſtant!—As ſoon as I hear thy voice, I ſay to myſelf, "That is Ferdinand, who loves nothing in the world but me."

FERDINAND.

And when I look at your ſweet blue eyes, till I loſe myſelf in them—I think, that during the whole time of my abſence, no image has dwelt in them but mine.

STELLA.

And you are not miſtaken?

FERDINAND.

Indeed?

STELLA.

No, or I would confeſs it to you!—Did I not in the firſt months of my entire love for you,

unfold

unfold all the inmoſt receſſes of my heart? And did you not love me the better for it?

FERDINAND.

Thou angel!

STELLA.

Why do you look at me ſo?—You think I am altered—Sorrow has faded my cheek—Is it not ſo?

FERDINAND.

Roſes! Sweeteſt bloom!—Stella, why do you ſhake your head?

STELLA.

To think that I ſo love you! that I cannot accuſe you for the ſorrows you have brought upon me!

FERDINAND.

What, is your hair grey, Stella? Fortunately it was always light!—You have not,

however, loſt any of it, I perceive. *(He takes out the comb, and her long hair fall down.)*

STELLA.

(*With a fond ſmile.*) Foolery!

FERDINAND.

(*Wrapping her hair round his arm.*) Rinaldo again in his former chains!

(Servant *Enters.*)

SERVANT.

Madam!

STELLA.

What is the matter?—Why do you come with a diſtreſſed countenance? It is death to me, when I am ſo happy.

SERVANT.

But, Madam, the two ladies are going.

STELLA.

Going? Oh no!

SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Yes, Madam. I ſaw the daughter go to the Inn, and then return? again to conſult with her Mother. I enquired at the houſe, and heard that they had hired horſes, as the poſt-waggon was already gone. I went to them—the mother, all in tears, deſired me to carry back her cloaths privately, and wiſhing you all poſſible happineſs, ſaid ſhe could not ſtay.

FERDINAND.

Is it the woman who came to day with her daughter?

STELLA.

Yes, I wiſh'd to take the daughter into my ſervice, and the mother had agreed to it——That they ſhould give me this diſturbance, juſt at this time, Ferdinand!

FERDINAND.

What can they mean?

STELLA.

STELLA.

Heaven knows! I cannot tell; and I do not wiſh now to enquire. I would not willingly loſe her. If you were not with me, Ferdinand, it would give me pain. Pray ſpeak to them Ferdinand. You, William, muſt do what they deſire of you—they muſt be left at liberty to do as they pleaſe. Ferdinand, I will wait for you in the arbour—You will ſoon follow me—Come ſoon—Ye nightingales, ye will again welcome him!

FERDINAND.

My deareſt love!

STELLA.

(*Hanging upon him.*) You will come ſoon!

FERDINAND.

In a few moments—immediately.

(*Exit* Stela.)

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

(*Alone.*) Angel of heaven!—in your preſence all is ſerenity and peace! Ferdinand, doſt thou know thyſelf again?—All that oppreſſed this boſom, is removed—every care; every painful recollection of what is paſt; all apprehenſion of what is to come—What is to come!—Fell thoughts, do you again aſſail me!—That before *her* they ſhould all vaniſh!—'tis inconceivable! Yes, when I look at you Stella—when I hold your hand—

(Bailiff *Enters.*)

BAILIFF.

(*He kneels to Ferdinand.*) Are you indeed here again?

FERDINAND.

Yes—ſtand up—I am returned—

BAILIFF.

Let me, my dear Sir—Let me—

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Well, how is it with you? I hope you are happy.

BAILIFF.

I cannot be otherwiſe than happy. My wife is in good health—I have two children—and you are come back.

FERDINAND.

And how have you managed?

BAILIFF.

So well, that I could immediately lay the accounts before you—You will be ſurpriſed to find how much we have improved the eſtate. May I enquire after your wife, your daughter?

FERDINAND.

Peace—Muſt I tell you all?—You deſerve it as the companion of my follies.

BAILIFF.

BAILIFF.

I may thank Heaven that you did not make yourſelf chief of ſome horde—I ſhould have began to ſack and plunder with you at the firſt word.

FERDINAND.

You ſhall hear all.

BAILIFF.

But I hope you mean to ſtay at home now —It is time to leave off all this rambling— Since I have had a wife and children, I find myſelf very well contented in this confined corner of the world, and the whole of it was too narrow for me before—But you.—

FERDINAND.

No retroſpect!

BAILIFF.

I only mean to ſay, that our dear Lady may hope again—

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Oh my child! My child!

BAILIFF.

Well, well—God will bleſs you with another, and it will live, and you will ſtay with us, and become a good huſbandman—and after all, what is the uſe of this reſtleſs rambling?

FERDINAND.

I find you have not left off giving your opinion.

BAILIFF.

Honor'd Sir, why ſhould I not honeſtly ſpeak what I think? I well remember, after you had been married two or three years to the good, the amiable Cecilia; how you tormented yourſelf—How diſcontented you were with every thing! How you felt yourſelf impriſoned, fettered—How you ſighed after liberty!

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

How you talk!

BAILIFF.

Is it not the truth?

FERDINAND.

Well!

BAILIFF.

When you opened your heart to me, and in a fit of exceſſive deſpondency ſaid—"I muſt go Frank—I was a fool to let myſelf be ſhackled. This ſituation confines all my powers—takes away the vigour of my ſoul!—It preſſes upon me!—The qualities I have in me ſhould have ſpace to unfold themſelves"—

FERDINAND.

Very well!

BAILIFF.

I did not then comprehend what you would have, now I underſtand it—We went into

into the wide world, and wandered up and down, and with all our freedom, knew not what we would be at, till at laſt we had no alternative, but to return to our chains, or hang ourſelves.

FERDINAND.

Nonſenſe!

BAILIFF.

Then all your powers had free ſcope!

FERDINAND.

Blockhead!

BAILIFF.

Then your faculties had room to diſplay themſelves!

FERDINAND.

Do you know what you are prating about?

BAILIFF.

About what you ſo often talk'd of, and never did—about what you wiſhed for, and could

could not attain; and often even did not ſeek after.

FERDINAND.

Enough, enough!

BAILIFF.

Well, ſtay with us now—do but ſtay, and all will be right.

(Servant *Enters.*)

SERVANT.

Mrs. Summers, Sir—

FERDINAND.

Shew her in. (*Exit* Servant.)

FERDINAND.

(*Alone.*) This woman perplexes me! Nothing is pure, nothing is perfect!—The gaiety of the daughter affected me—what will her ſorrow do!

(Mrs. Summers *Enters.*)

FERDINAND.

(Aſide.) O heaven! and muſt her figure too remind me of my crime! Strange contradiction—if it is our nature ſo to think, and ſo to act, why cannot we forgive ourſelves? *(Aloud.)* Madam!

MRS. SUMMERS.

What are your commands, Sir?

FERDINAND.

I wiſh that you would give Stella and me your company—Pray ſit down.

(Gives her a chair.)

MRS. SUMMERS.

The preſence of the unfortunate is irkſome to the happy: and, alas! the preſence of the happy, is ſtill more irkſome to the unfortunate.

FERDINAND.

I do not underſtand you. Can you have miſtaken

miſtaken Stella?—She that is all kindneſs, all divine goodneſs.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Sir, I wiſh to go ſilently away! permit me to do ſo—I muſt be gone—Believe that I have urgent reaſons—and let me entreat that you will give me leave to go.

FERDINAND.

(*Aſide.*) Her voice! (*Aloud*) Madam—(*He turns round*—(*Aſide*) Gods! it is my wife!—)*Aloud.*) Excuſe me!

(*He retires ſuddenly.*)

MRS. SUMMERS.

(*Alone.*) He knows me!—I thank heaven for having given me much ſtrength at ſuch a moment! Am I indeed the ſame poor, broken-hearted being, that in ſo trying a ſituation can be ſo calm, ſo ſtrong? —Providence! eternal goodneſs! if ſometimes we loſe the vigour of our mind, you reſtore

it to us when we have the greateſt need of it.

FERDINAND.

(*Comes back—Aſide.*) Does ſhe know me? (*Aloud.*) I pray you, Madam, I entreat you, ſpeak to me without reſerve.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Muſt I then relate to you my misfortunes? How can you attend to ſorrow and mourning, upon a day which gives to you all the joys of life; and reſtores them alſo to the moſt excellent of women? No, Sir—Excuſe me—Give me leave to go.

FERDINAND.

Let me prevail on you, Madam—

MRS. SUMMERS.

Willingly would I ſpare myſelf and you!—The remembrance of my early years revives in me a deadly grief.—

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

You were not then always unfortunate!

MRS. SUMMERS.

No! or I ſhould not now have been ſo ſenſible of misfortune.—(*After a pauſe, and in a ſofter tone.*) The days of my youth were chearful and happy. I know not what there was in me that attracted men; but a great number wiſhed to make themſelves agreeable to me; I felt complacency and friendſhip for a few; but there were none with whom I could have wiſh'd to unite my fate.—And ſo paſſed the days, ſtrewed with roſes, when each fair hour led to another as happy—And yet ſomething was wanting—When I looked farther into life, and conſidered all the joys and ſorrows that await mankind—then I wiſhed for a companion, whoſe hand might lead me in my progreſs through the world—who for the love which my young heart ſhould dedicate to him, would be my friend in age; my protector, who might ſupply the loſs of

the parents I ſhould have given up for his ſake.

FERDINAND.

And afterwards—

MRS. SUMMERS.

Alas, I found this man! I ſaw him, upon whom, in the firſt days of our acquaintance, I placed all my hopes. The vivacity of his temper, appeared to me to be accompanied with ſuch generoſity and truth, that I ſoon opened my heart to him—He gained my friendſhip; and oh! how ſoon after—my love! O Heaven, when his head reſted on my boſom, how grateful did he appear, for the place which had been prepared for him in my arms! how he flew to me again, after he had been engaged in the whirl of buſineſs and diſſipation!—And how I leant upon him, as my ſupport and conſolation, in every diſtreſs or difficulty.

FERDINAND.

What could diſturb this tender friendſhip?

MRS.

MRS. SUMMERS.

Nothing is laſting—Alas! he loved me—as certainly loved me, as I loved him!—There was a time when he could attend to nothing but me; think of nothing but my happineſs——Oh he conducted me through pleaſant paths, and then left me in a deſart!

FERDINAND.

(*His diſtreſs ſtill encreaſing.*) But how could his heart, his ſentiments?—

MRS. SUMMERS.

How can we know what paſſes in the heart of men? I did not obſerve, that by degrees he became—What ſhall I call it?—not indifferent—that I muſt not ſay.—He ever—ever loved me—but he required more than my love. I had his affections to ſhare, perhaps with a rival—I did not conceal my ſuſpicions—and at laſt—

FERDINAND.

And could he?—

MRS. SUMMERS.

He left me!—The wretchedneſs I felt has no name! all my hopes fell that moment to the ground—At the very time when I expected to reap the fruit for which I had ſacrificed my bloom. To be forſaken—abandoned! To loſe all that can ſupport and gratify the mind. Love, confidence, honor, rank, proſperity—all overturned at once—And I, and the unhappy pledge of our love!——A dead melancholy ſucceeded to the rage of grief, and when that was wept away, my exhauſted ſpirits ſunk into apathy. All the diſaſters to which the fortune of a poor deſerted being is liable, I neither foreſaw nor regarded, till at length—

FERDINAND

O how guilty—

MRS. SUMMERS.

(*Interrupting him—with ſuppreſſed grief.*) No, he is not! I pity the men who are enſlaved by love.

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Madam!

MRS. SUMMERS.

(*Smiling to conceal her diſtreſs.*) No, certainly!—I ſee them as ſlaves in fetters—and as ſuch, they are indeed always conſidered. They deceive themſelves for a time, and woe to us when their eyes are opened!—I could be nothing to him at laſt, but a good houſewife—I certainly attended upon him with the utmoſt endeavours to be agreeable to him, and careful of him. I dedicated all my time to my family and my children; and without doubt, being occupied with ſo many trifles, my heart and head were often barren; and I was not a very entertaining companion, to a man of his lively imagination, and brilliant talents: he neceſſarily found my ſociety inſipid.—He was not in fault!

FERDINAND.

(*Falling at her feet.*) O yes! I am!—I am!

MRS.

MRS. SUMMERS.

(*In a flood of tears, falling on his neck.*) My——

FERDINAND.

My Cecilia!—My wife!—

CECILIA.

(*Drawing back.*) Not mine!—(*Again falling on his neck.*) My heart betrays me! Ferdinand—whatever you are, let the tears of an unhappy woman flow upon your boſom—bear with her theſe few moments, and then abandon her for ever. Think her not thy wife!—Spurn her not from thee!—

FERDINAND.

Heaven! Oh Cecilia!—Your tears upon my cheek!—your heart throbbing againſt mine! Spare me! ſpare me!

CECILIA.

I aſk nothing, Ferdinand! nothing but theſe few moments!—grant but this relief to my heart,

heart, and it will become firm, diſengaged. Ferdinand you ſhall be releaſed from me.

FERDINAND.

Rather may my life be taken away!—I will not part with you!

CECILIA.

I ſhall ſee you again, but not upon this earth! You belong to another—I cannot rob her of you—Open! open to me, world of ſpirits!—Let me look into that happy futurity—into that eternal dwelling. That, that alone can give me conſolation, in theſe dreadful moments.

FERDINAND.

(*Taking both her hands, and looking at her and embracing her.*) Nothing, nothing in the world ſhall take me from you.—I have found you again.

CECILIA.

Found what you did not ſeek!—

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Do not ſay ſo—Yes, indeed, I have ſought you, my forſaken, my dear wife.—Even in the arms of this angel, I have ſcarcely known a moment of real happineſs—Every thing reminded me of you, and of your daughter—Of my Lucy—Good Heaven!—To think that that charming girl is my daughter! I have ſought you every where—Three years I have been ſeeking you. In the place where we reſided, I found that our habitation was in other hands, and heard the ſad ſtory of your loſſes. Your retreat rent my heart—I could diſcover no traces of you—And tired of my life and of myſelf, I put on this uniform and went into foreign ſervice, and in my deſpair helped to ſupport the dying freedom of the Corſicans—And now you ſee me, after a long and ſtrange wandering, again returned to you, my kind and faithful wife.

(Lucy *Enters.*)

FERDINAND.

Oh my daughter!

LUCY.

LUCY.

My deareſt father!——If indeed you will be to me a father!

CECILIA.

And Stella!—

FERDINAND.

Here we muſt be quick——Unfortunate Stella!—Why Lucy—why could we not this morning diſcover one another? you know with how much emotion I left you—Oh! Why, why? We had then been ſaved all this—Stella! we had ſpared you this ſorrow! —But we will be gone! I will tell her that you are reſolved to go; that you will not interrupt her by taking leave; but that you cannot be prevailed upon to ſtay. And you Lucy, go directly to the Poſt-houſe, and order a chaiſe to be got ready immediately for three. The ſervant will put up my things with your's. Cecilia in the mean time will ſtay here; and when all is ready, you will come back Lucy, and both of you wait for me in the garden room.

room. I will diſengage myſelf from Stella—Say, that I purpoſe to accompany you to the Inn, to pay the poſt for you, and take care that you meet with no difficulties.—Poor girl! we make uſe of your goodneſs to deceive you—We will go!—

CECILIA.

Go!—One reaſonable word with you.

FERDINAND.

No! We will go!—Say no more—We will be gone! *(Exit.* Cecilia *and* Lucy.*)*

FERDINAND.

(Alone.) Gone! O where, where!—A dagger might open the way through all theſe difficulties, and turn me to cold inſenſibility, for which I would now gladly exchange this being—And is it even thus?—In my fortunate days—what were my thoughts of thoſe to whom life was a burthen, and who caſt it from them?—And now! Oh! how unfeeling are the happy!——This diſcovery one hour ſooner,—

ſooner,—how much would have been ſpared! I had not ſeen her—ſhe had not ſeen me! I could have perſuaded myſelf that ſhe had forgotten me—that ſhe had got the better of her ſorrow.——But now—How ſhall I appear before her? What ſay to her?—O my crimes!—my crimes!—How bitter they are to me at this moment!—I left them both—both were loſt to me—and now that I find them again; I am loſt to myſelf! O grief! O torment!

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Hermitage in Stella's Garden.*

STELLA.

(*ALONE, looking at her flowers.*) You bloom beautifully, more beautifully than ever, dear, dear ſpot of eternal ſacred repoſe—but you attract me no longer—Now I ſhudder before you—Cool, ſoft earth! I tremble at the ſight of you. Alas! how often, in the hour of fancy have I been wrapped in the mantle of death, and hid my ſorrows under thy living green—then have I called on corruption to diſſolve this anxious boſom, and releaſe my ſpirit in a friendly dream—But now, light of heaven, you ſhine upon me in all

all your brightneſs—he is returned, and the whole creation ſmiles—my heart ſwims in pleaſure—I breathe new life—and from his lips I ſhall inhale a newer, brighter, more glowing exiſtence—ſhall live with him, for him, in continual delight!—Ferdinand! He comes—Hark! no not yet—Here he ſhall find me—here, by this altar of roſes; under theſe branches full of flowers—theſe buds I will gather for him—Here, here! and then I will lead him to this little bower—Small as it is, I did well however, to make it large enough for two. Here I uſed to lay my books; here ſtood my writing deſk—away with you—I want nothing now—now I have Ferdinand!—But is he indeed returned? is he again here?—Perhaps—(Ferdinand *Enters.*) Where ſtay'd you my beſt love? where have you been? I have been long, long alone—(*Anxiouſly.*) Are you well?

FERDINAND.

(*Aſide.*) Theſe women have diſtracted me. (*Aloud.*) The mother is a very worthy woman; but ſhe will not ſtay; ſhe will not

aſſign her reaſons; but ſhe is determined to go.—You muſt allow her to do ſo, Stella.

STELLA.

If ſhe is not willing to ſtay, I will not certainly perſuade her againſt her inclination—And, Ferdinand, I want nothing now! (*Falling on his neck.*) now, I have you!

FERDINAND.

Compoſe yourſelf.

STELLA.

Let me weep! I wou'd the day were over! My whole frame ſtill trembles—joy ſo unexpected, ſo ſudden!—My dear Ferdinand! I can hardly—I ſhall ſink under it!

FERDINAND.

(*Aſide.*) How ſhall I go from her! (*Aloud.*) Leave me Stella!

STELLA.

It is thy voice, thy fond voice—*Stella!* Stella! you know how I love to hear you pronounce

pronounce that name——Stella?—Nobody ſpeaks it like you; the whole ſoul of love is in the ſound. How delightful to me is the memory of thoſe days, when I firſt heard you ſpeak it. When all my happineſs began in you.

FERDINAND.

Your happineſs!—

STELLA.

You look as if you would begin to reckon the days of ſorrow you have brought upon me—No more of that, Ferdinand! no more of that!—I count only thoſe of joy. Oh! from the time I firſt ſaw you, how was my whole ſoul changed! do you remember the afternoon in the garden with my uncle—when you came to us, we were ſitting under the great cheſnut trees, behind the ſummer-houſe.

FERDINAND.

(*Aſide.*) She will rend my heart. (*Aloud.*) I remember it well, my Stella.—

STELLA.

When you came—I don't know whether you obſerved, that from the firſt moment you had fixed my attention—but I however ſoon remarked, that your eyes ſought mine—and when my uncle propoſed muſick, and you took up a violin, whilſt you were playing, I looked earneſtly at your countenance; I traced every line in it. On a ſudden pauſe, you turned your eyes towards me, and they met mine—how I coloured, and look'd down! You perceived it Ferdinand—From that inſtant, I was ſenſible that you were often looking over the book at me, and were ſo out of time, that my uncle loſt all patience—Each falſe note was to me ſoft flattery, that touched my heart—it was the ſweeteſt confuſion I had ever felt in my life. For the whole world I could not have met your eyes again—I left the company.

FERDINAND.

Oh! every minute circumſtance! (*Aſide.*) Cruel recollection!

STELLA.

I am often ſurpriſed, that loving you as I do, to entire forgetfulneſs of myſelf when I am with you, theſe ſcenes ſhould ſtill be as vivid and freſh in my memory, as if they had paſſed but yeſterday. How often, Ferdinand, have I thought of the evening, when you went through the wood with my friend to look for me. You both called Stella, Stella.—The inſtant you ſpoke, I knew your voice, and when you came up to me, and took my hand, which was moſt confuſed of the two? My good Sarah ſaid to me the ſame afternoon—" I ſee your fate is decided"—And what happineſs in your arms—If Sarah could but be a witneſs of it! She was a good creature, and wept over me when I was ſick and dying for love. I would willingly have taken her with me, when I ſoorſook every thing for you.

FERDINAND.

Forſook every thing!

STELLA.

Does that ſtrike you ſo much? is it not true? or can you, in Stella's mouth, miſtake it for a reproach? O, for love of you, I have not done near enough!

FERDINAND.

No! your uncle, who loved you as a father, who idoliſed you, who had no will but your's—that was nothing. Your fortune, the eſtate which would have been your's—that was nothing. The place where you had paſſed your childhood!—the ſcene of your innocent amuſements—your companions!—

STELLA.

And what are all theſe without you, Ferdinand? They were indeed ſomething to me before I knew you—but when love and you took poſſeſſion of my ſoul, it was then I firſt began to live. I muſt indeed confeſs, that I have many times in a ſolitary hour, ſaid to myſelf "Why could I not have enjoyed all theſe things with him? why was it neceſſary

to

to run away? Would my uncle have refuſed him my hand?—Certainly not—then why run away?" But I found excuſes enough for you—they never failed—"If it was a caprice," ſaid I—for you have a multitude of caprices, Ferdinand—"If it was a caprice, to carry off the maiden as a prize!—and if it was his pride to take her without her fortune!"—You may imagine that I was every way intereſted to put the beſt conſtruction upon it, and ſo you were always juſtified.

FERDINAND.

My heart ſinks within me!

(Ann *Enters.*)

ANN.

Your pardon my Lady—Why do you ſtay ſo long Captain? every thing is ready, and they only wait for you. The young lady has hurried us almoſt out of our ſenſes, and now you make them wait.

STELLA.

Go, Ferdinand; go with them to the Inn, and pay the poſt for them; but come back again ſoon.

ANN.

Do not you go with them, then? the young lady beſpoke a chaiſe for three, and your ſervant has pack'd up your things

STELLA.

It is a miſtake, Ferdinand?

FERDINAND.

What does the child mean?

ANN.

What do I mean? why truly it is rather extraordinary that you ſhould leave this lady, to go with her maid, whom you only became acquainted with at the ordinary to day. But I obſerved a tender parting to be ſure, when you kiſſed her hand after dinner.

STELLA.

STELLA.

(With ſurpriſe.) Ferdinand!

FERDINAND.

She is a child, ſhe don't know what ſhe ſays!

ANN.

Don't believe him, dear lady! every thing is packed up, and the gentleman is certainly to go with them.

FERDINAND.

Go where? where?

STELLA.

Leave us, Ann. (*Exit* Ann.) Relieve me from this dreadful diſtreſs!—I know 'tis nothing, and yet the child's nonſenſe pains me —Ferdinand, I am thy Stella!

FERDINAND.

(*Turning to her and taking her by the hand.*) Thou art my Stella!

STELLA.

You terrify me, Ferdinand!—You look wildly!

FERDINAND.

Stella—I am a wretch and a coward! I loſe all my powers when I am with you—I have not the reſolution to ſtrike the dagger into your heart, and yet ſecretly meditate ſlow poiſon! Oh Stella! Stella!

STELLA.

For Heaven's ſake!

FERDINAND.

(*With bitterneſs and paſſion.*) And only not to ſee your ſorrow! not to hear your deſpair!—To fly!

STELLA.

(*In a faint voice.*) I can ſupport myſelf no longer. (*She is ſinking, but holds by him.*)

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Stella! whom I hold in my arm! Stella! thou who art all to me! Stella! (*Coldly.*) I leave thee!

STELLA.

(*Staring confuſedly and ſmiling.*) Me?

FERDINAND.

(*Gnaſhing his teeth.*) Yes, thee! with the woman whom thou haſt ſeen! with the girl!

STELLA.

It grows dark!

FERDINAND.

That woman is my wife—(*Stella looks earneſtly at him, and falls into his arms.*) And the girl is my daughter! Stella! (*He obſerves that ſhe has fainted.*) Stella! (*He carries her to a chair.*) Stella! Oh help! help!

(Cecilia *and* Lucy *Enter.*)

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Look! look at this angel! She is gone—See! O help! help!

(Cecilia *and* Lucy *are both buſied about her.*)

LUCY.

She is beginning to recover.

(*He looks at them for ſome time without ſpeaking.*)

FERDINAND.

And by your aid! by your aid! (*Exit.*)

STELLA.

Who?—Where? (*Standing up.*) Where is he? (*She ſinks back, and looks round her at* Cecilia *and* Lucy, *who are ſtill employed about her.*) Thank you! thank you!—Who are you?

CECILIA.

Compoſe yourſelf!—We are—

STELLA.

STELLA.

You ?—Are you not gone ?—You are ?—Heaven who told it me ?—Who are you ?—Are you ?—(*Taking* Cecilia *by the hand*)—No !—I loſe myſelf again !

CECILIA.

Deareſt, beſt of women ! Let me preſs you to my boſom !

STELLA.

It lies deep in my ſoul—Tell me—Are you ?

CECILIA.

I am—I am his wife !

STELLA.

(*Starting back, and putting her hand before her eyes.*) And I !—

(*She walks wildly backwards and forwards.*)

CECILIA.

Let me conduct you to your apartment !

STELLA.

What do you remind me of?—O horror—horror!—And is this the end of all?——Caſt off!—abandoned!—loſt!—for ever loſt! O Ferdinand! Ferdinand!

CECILIA.

Go, Lucy—call your father.

STELLA.

No!—For Heaven's ſake!—hold—ſtay.—Let him not come. No! father! huſband! Go! go!

CECILIA.

My dear Stella!

STELLA.

And do you love me? Do you preſs me to your boſom?—No, leave me!—Put me from you!—Yet one moment—(*Falling on her neck.*)—It will be the laſt—I ſhall ſoon be no more!—My heart!

LUCY.

LUCY.

You muſt compoſe yourſelf.

STELLA.

I cannot ſupport your preſence!—I poiſoned all your peace—robb'd you of your all—You were in ſorrow—and I—what happineſs did I enjoy! (*Falls on her knees.*) Can you forgive me?

CECILIA.

(Cecilia *and* Lucy *haſten to raiſe her.*) O riſe, riſe!

STELLA.

No, here I will kneel, lament, pray to Heaven and to you to forgive me. Pardon! Pardon! (*She ſtarts up.*) *Pardon!*—I am not in fault—Thou gaveſt him to me, great God of Heaven! I held him as thy deareſt gift!—leave me!—my heart is rent!

CECILIA.

Touching innocence!

STELLA.

STELLA.

(*Taking* Cecilia *in her arms.*) I ſee the goodneſs of Heaven in your eyes.—I ſink—O raiſe me up!—She forgives me! ſhe feels my miſery!

CECILIA.

My dear Stella! my friend—my ſiſter—be calm—exert all your powers!—Believe that he who created us with theſe paſſions, can ſupport us under them, and give us relief and comfort.

STELLA.

Let me ſtay and die in your arms!

CECILIA.

(*After a long pauſe, in which Stella walks diſtractedly up and down, ſhe exclaims with violence.*) Come!

STELLA.

No! Leave me! leave me! diſorder, confuſion, horror, deſpair, overwhelm me! it cannot

cannot be—it is impoſſible!—ſo ſuddenly!—it cannot be comprehended!—it cannot be borne! (*She ſtands thoughtful for a time, with her eyes fixt on the ground, at length raiſing them up, ſhe ſees them both—ſcreams, and runs away.*)

CECILIA.

Follow her Lucy—Watch her!

(*Exit.* Lucy.)

CECILIA.

(*Alone.*) O look down in mercy upon thy children!—upon their diſtreſſes, their ſorrows. I alas! have been taught to ſuffer—ſtrengthen me—and if the knot can be looſened; great God of Heaven! let it not be rent!

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, Stella's *Apartment, by Moon-light.*

STELLA.

(*ALONE—Holds the picture of* Ferdinand, *and is preparing to take it out of the frame.*) Deep ſhades of night ſurround me! Conduct me! Lead me!—I know not where I ſtep!—I muſt go—ah, where! where!—and am I baniſhed from this place of my own creation! muſt I no longer wander where the ſacred moon illumines the top of my tall trees; whoſe deep ſhade ſhelters the grave of my ſweet child—from the place deſtined for my own grave, which I have ſo often and ſo devoutly waſhed with my tears—where my free ſpirit hoped again to hover after death,

and recal paſt pleaſure. From you muſt I be driven, baniſhed!—But I am grown callous—Heaven be praiſed; I begin to loſe all ſenſation!—My mind is confuſed. Baniſhed!—I cannot comprehend the idea! I ſhall loſe myſelf again—Now!—my eyes are dim! —Farewell—Farewell?—Never to ſee you more?—Cold death is in the thought! You muſt be gone, Stella! (*She ſeizes the portrait.*) But you! ſhould I leave you behind!—(*She begins to take out the nails.*) Oh! that I could pour out my life in tears; and ſleep a ſleep of death!—I am—I ever muſt be miſerable! (*She turns the picture to the light of the moon.*) Oh! Ferdinand, when you firſt approached me, how my heart ſprang towards you!—Were you not touched with my unſuſpecting confidence in your faith and virtue! When I received you into my heart, did you not feel what a ſanctuary was opened to you!—and you did not ſtart from me—fly me! How was it that you could in cruel ſport root up my life, my innocence, my happineſs, and throw them ſo careleſsly, ſo thoughtleſsly away? O honour! generoſity!

—My youth!—my golden days!—And you hid ſuch deep deceit in your ſoul!—Your wife! Your daughter!—My heart was open and pure, as the faireſt morning of ſpring—Every thing ſmiled around me!—Where am I! *(Contemplating the picture.)* So noble! So ſeducing! That look it was which ruined me!—I hate thee!—away, away from me! So attracting! ſo enchanting! No! no deſtroyer! Me! Me! You!—Me—*(She makes a point at the picture with the knife, as if ſhe would cut it.)* Ferdinand! *(She turns away; lets fall the knife, and burſts into a flood of tears.)* Oh! my dear, dear, dear Ferdinand! It is in vain! in vain!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

My Lady, according to your orders, the horſes are brought to the back gate of the garden—Your trunks are packed up. You won't forget to take money—

STELLA.

Take that picture! (*The* Servant *takes up the knife, cuts the picture out of the frame, and rolls it up.*) Here is money.

SERVANT.

But why?

STELLA.

(*After ſtanding a few moments, and looking round her.*) Come! (*Exit.*)

Scene changes to the Hall.

FERDINAND.

(*Alone.*) Peace, peace!—This conflict is agony—deſpair and horror ſeize me again!—Cold and deadly lies all the proſpect before me—as if the world were now nothing—as if I had been guilty of nothing—And they?—Oh! am I not more wretched than they are? What is to be done?—Here! there! whichever way I look, the ſcene is more cruel! more and more horrible! (*Striking his forehead.*) To what am I reduced! No man can

me aid or counſel—The paſt and the future, equally perplex me! And theſe women—theſe three lovely and incomparable beings, made miſerable by my means—wretched without me!—Still more wretched with me! If I could pour out my heart in tears and lamentations—could implore forgiveneſs—throw myſelf at their feet—and by partaking of their ſorrows, again, feel a ray of comfort!—But where are they?——Stella, proſtrate on the earth, turns her dying eyes to Heaven, and exclaims—" Of what had I, an opening flower, been guilty, that in thy wrath thou ſhouldeſt cut me off? unfortunate as I am, of what had I been guilty, that thou ſhouldeſt bring this monſter to me!"—and Cecilia! My wife! horror! endleſs horror!—What bleſſings are aſſembled round me, only to make me wretched! Huſband! father! lover!—The nobleſt, tendereſt, beſt of women thine!—Canſt thou comprehend this ineffable happineſs? but 'tis this which rends thy ſoul—each demands an undivided heart—and I—but it is unfathomable—They will be wretched! Stella! Stella! all thy hopes are blaſted—

blaſted—O! what have I robbed thee of? Thy peaceful days! the bloom of thy youth! —And am I ſo cold—ſo calm! (*He ſnatches a piſtol, and inſtantly loads it.*) Aye! This is well! Here it muſt end!

Cecilia *Enters.*

CECILIA.

My dear—Ha!—(*Starting with alarm at the ſight of the piſtols—then recovering herſelf, ſhe ſays with compoſure*)—Are thoſe for your journey? (*He lays down the piſtols.*) My dear friend you ſeem more calm; may I ſay one word to you?

FERDINAND.

What do you wiſh Cecilia? what do you wiſh, my dear wife?

CECILIA.

Call me not ſo till I have done ſpeaking. We are now grievouſly involved. Can nothing be done by which we may be extricated? I have ſuffered much, and my mis-

fortunes have taught me to take ſtrong meaſures—Do you underſtand me, Ferdinand?

FERDINAND.

I hear!

CECILIA.

Conſider well what I ſay! I am but a wife, a troubleſome complaining wife; but firm reſolution is in my ſoul—Ferdinand, it is my purpoſe, my determined purpoſe, to leave you!

FERDINAND.

(*Ironically.*) You are brief, Cecilia!

CECILIA.

Do you think it impoſſible to quit thoſe we love with deliberation?

FERDINAND.

Cecilia!

CECILIA.

CECILIA.

I do not reproach you—and think not that I make too great a ſacrifice. In your abſence I was abſorbed by grief. I was loſt in vain lamentations. I find you again—and your preſence inſpires me with new ſtrength. Ferdinand, my love for you is not ſelfiſh—'Tis not the paſſion of a miſtreſs; it is the affection of a wife, who can reſign her own happineſs for your's.

FERDINAND.

Never! never!

CECILIA

Are you angry?

FERDINAND.

You diſtreſs me!

CECILIA.

I wiſh you to be happy—I have my daughter—and in you I have a friend—we will part without being diſunited—I will live at a diſtance

diſtance from you; but I ſhall know that you are happy. I will be a confidential friend—you ſhall impart to me your joys and ſorrows. Your letters will be all my exiſtence, and mine will be to you as friendly viſiters. You need not, therefore, retire with Stella to a remote corner of the world. We ſhall love one another—take an intereſt in each other—and ſo, Ferdinand, give me your hand upon it.

FERDINAND.

As raillery, this is too much—as ſerious, it is inconceivable—Be it as it will, my beſt friend, cold reaſoning will not extricate us. What you ſay is generous and noble—but you deceive yourſelf—The heart accepts not theſe imaginary conſolations. No, Cecilia—my wife—No—No! you are mine—I am your's—Why ſhould I ſay more? I am your's—or—

CECILIA.

But Stella!—(*Ferdinand ſtarts up—and walks wildly backwards and forwards.*)

Which

Which of us is deceived?—which of us, from cold reaſoning, endeavours to find a momentary conſolation?—Yes, yes—men know themſelves!

FERDINAND.

Depend not too much upon your calmneſs!—the unhappy Stella will weep and linger out her life, far from me and you. Think not of her—think not of me!

CECILIA.

Yes, I am convinced, that in her ſolitude, the thought of our re-union, would be a ſolace to her angelic mind—Cruel reproaches now imbitter her moments. And ſhe would ſuppoſe me far more unhappy than I ſhould be, were I to leave you, for ſhe would judge by herſelf. She would not live in peace—the angel would not live at all, if ſhe thought her happineſs were a robbery. It were better for her—

FERDINAND.

Let her retire to a cloiſter!

CECILIA.

CECILIA.

But why ſhould ſhe be immured? Of what has ſhe been guilty, that in her moſt blooming years, with all her riſing hopes before her, ſhe ſhould be ſent to waſte her days in lonelineſs and deſpair? Separated from every object that is dear to her—from the man ſhe ſo paſſionrtely loves—from the man who ſo—Is it not true, Ferdinand, you love her?

FERDINAND.

(*Starts back.*) Ha! What mean you? are you an evil ſpirit in the form of my wife? Why do you ſeek to turn me thus at pleaſure? why do you rend what is already torn? am I not diſtracted enough? Leave me! conſign me to my fate!—and Heaven have pity on you! (*He throws himſelf into a chair.*)

CECILIA.

(*Goes to him, and takes his hand.*) There was once a Count—(*Ferdinand would ſpring from her—ſhe holds him.*) a german Count, who from a ſenſe of religious duty, left his wife and country to go to the Holy Land. He

He travelled through many kingdoms, and was at length taken captive—his ſlavery excited the compaſſion of his maſter's daughter, ſhe looſened his chains, they eſcaped together; ſhe accompanied him through all the perils of war as his page. Crowned with victory, he returned to his noble wife—But the dear girl—(*For he thought humanely.*) he did not deſert. His high-born conſort haſtened to meet him, and thought all her faith and love rewarded, by folding him again in her arms. And when the knight proudly threw himſelf from his horſe upon his native ſoil, and the ſpoils were laid at her feet—"My wife", ſaid he, "the greateſt prize is ſtill behind."—A gentle damſel appeared veiled amidst the croud; he took her by the hand, and preſented her to his wife; ſaying, "Here is my deliverer—ſhe freed me from captivity—ſhe made the winds propitious—ſhe attended upon me—fought by me—nurſed me. What do I not owe her? here ſhe is—do you reward her." The generous wife embraced her, wept on her neck, and cried, "Take all that I can give. Let him be

your's,

your's, he of right belongs to you—he of right too belongs to me—let us not part—let us all remain together." Then falling into her huſband's arms—" We are your's!" ſhe exclaimed. " We are both your's," they cried with one voice—" We are your's for ever!" and Heaven ſmiled propitious on their love—the holy Vicar pronounced his benediction over them! and they had but one dwelling, and one grave *

* Theſe facts are atteſted by Moreri and Bayle. The following is a tranſlation of the article in Moreri—" Gleichen being made priſoner by the Turks, and employed to work in the royal gardens, was noticed by the daughter of the King his maſter, and by degrees ſo far obtained her favour, that ſhe offered to contrive his eſcape, and to accompany him in his flight, on condition that he would marry her. He told her, that he was already married; ſhe replied, that ſuch a circumſtance need not prove an obſtacle to their union, ſince, by the Turkiſh law, a man is allowed to have more than one wife. The Count ſubmitted to her arguments, and gave her his promiſe. They left Turkey together, and landed in Italy. The Count went immediately to the Pope, to whom he related his adventures, and obtained his permiſſion to retain both wives. The Counteſs very kindly received the Turkiſh lady. The legitimate wife had many children

FERDINAND.

Great God!—thou who ſendeſt angels to us in our extremities, grant us ſtrength to ſupport their preſence! Oh my wife! (*He ſinks with his face on the table.*)

CECILIA.

(*Opens a door, and calls.*) Stella! (*Stella enters, looks wildly at the piſtols, at* Cecilia, *and* Ferdinand. *Then claſping* Cecilia *in her arms—*)

STELLA.

Father of mercies! What is this? (Ferdinand *ſtarts up, and is running diſtractedly from them;* Cecilia *holds him.*)

children, to whom the Turkiſh lady, (who brought forth none) was very tenderly attached. A monument of this hiſtory ſtill exiſts at Erfort. Houdorff's words are —"Hujus ei monimentum Erphordiæ etiamnum extat in quô ex utrôque latere comiti uxores adſtant, regina marmoreâ coronâ ornata, comitiſſa ſculpta eſt nuda, et infanta ad pedes reptantes."

Under the article Gleichen, Bayle gives the ſame account of this adventure as Moreri, whom he ſeems to have copied. Du Val mentions it in his deſcript. of Germany. By Arnaud, it has been amplified into a novel, and by Le Noble in his Zulima.

CECILIA.

CECILIA.

Divide with me that heart, Stella, the whole of which belongs to you—You have ſaved my huſband—ſaved him from himſelf, and you reſtore him to me again.

FERDINAND.

(*Approaches* Stella.) My Stella!

STELLA.

I comprehend it not?

CECILIA.

You will know all—even now your heart explains it!

STELLA.

(*Falling on* Ferdinand's *neck.*) And may I truſt that heart!

CECILIA.

Do you thank me for arreſting the fugitive?

STELLA.

STELLA.

(*Taking* Cecilia *in her arms.*) O Cecilia.

FERDINAND.

(*Embracing both.*) Mine! mine!

STELLA.

(*Taking hold of his hands, and hanging upon him.*) I am thine;

CECILIA.

We are both thine!*

* This concluſion may be leſs ſupportable to the Engliſh than to the Germans, who are accuſtomed to the *lefthand* wife of their princes. The proteſtant reformers were ſo far obliged to accomodate themſelves to German manners, as to grant a like permiſſion to the Landgrave of Heſſe—and a recent inſtance of the kind appears in Mirabeau's Mem. Secretes de la Cour de Berlin, with regard to the late King of Pruſſia and Mademoiſelle de Voſſe.

End of the 5th Act.

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